

Written for Women's Department
Group One
1945

Theme: Humility

Dear Lord - we do not ask for wealth or gold
Or precious Jewels to behold.
Lord give us light that we may see beauty in humility
And may this humble service be,
Acceptable we pray of thee.
Bless this home we ask today
Be with each member every day.
Bless this group we humbly ask
May we never shirk a given task
In his dear work.
Bless our leader this we pray,
Guide us all in thine own way.

Ella S. Perkins.

Dec 1948

Mrs. Ella Perkins
2711 Sprague Street
Omaha, Nebraska

When we are young and full of adventure
We dream of Kings and Castles in Spain
But when we are older, our thoughts take us
backward
Back to the scenes of our childhood again

~~I remember~~
as my thoughts wander back, to the scenes
of my child hood
Fond memory paints this picture for me
A cot on the hill side, the spring and
the wild wood,
Where we as children roamed happy & free
The river flowed down through the hills
and the valleys,
Onward still onward so still and so
deep.
How often at night as I lay on my
pillow,
Its musical murmur has lulled me
to sleep.

How oft ^{we} when at grand 'thers,
A host of we children, would scam-
per away,
To that cool shady nook,
Where a spring bubbles forth
'neath the shade of a walnut,
We would lave our bare feet
In its swift running brook,

There were sisters & brothers
There were cousins and others
There were uncles & nephews
& Uncles & Aunts.

There was Cora & Mary, and Jim
Jack & Jerry,
And Amanda ^{Ansie} & Nettie & Mance.

As we strolled through the wild wood
O'er at by the river
Time was silently hurrying on
We bid farewell to our youth
and our childhood,
Our life work had claimed us
and we must be gone.

As a tribute to our daughters
I would give to day,
The best of all the gifts
Which god has given me

Eyes to see the beauty
When the sunset shadows
fall,
The star light, the lamp light,
The pear tree dim and tall
And the brick nest in the
willow tree
close by the garden wall.

2
Appear that finds sweet
comfort.

I'm making a love
With courage, as strong and
as firm as a stone

A heart that bears grief like
Like a tree in the rain
Sustains than ever when
the sun shines again

3

Ears that find music in
soft rain at night
That welcome wild bird calls
at the first dawn of light
And the beauty that your
heart knows
and your eyes can see
May you always have
with you -
It is always free.

Ella Scruback Perkins

Dear Mother Mine

Dear Mother of Mine

In the cares that be
I know you have lived all your life for me
With ne'er a regret for the toil and the care
Oh we love every thread
Of your silvery hair.

(Chorus)

Mother of Mine

Your name we will bless
This is your day
From East to West
Hail to thy virtues
Thy precepts divine
Wonderful, wonderful
Mother of Mine.

Dear Mother of Mine

I have walked all day,
My hand in thine though rugged the way,
Your toil worn hands are dear to me
Your dear sweet face
In my dreams I see.

Oh Mother of Mine

When God from above
Sent you down to me in his Infinite love,
He sent me a dream of what heaven might be
For a vision of heaven
In your smile I see.

Written by Ella Scurlock Perkins

Devotion

Devotion to God and his purpose divine
Devotion to truths in His word we
will find.

Devotion to those we love and who
love us too

Devotion a watch word for me and
for you

Devotion, a principle all should
acquire.

Devoted to faith in religion + prayer
will make us more holy, and lead us
still higher

Ella S. Perkins

Gods! Answer!

I clenched my fist and
shook it

At the clear blue sky
above.

"Where are you God I shouted
"And where's your wonder
our love;"

"How can you be so heartless
With your children here
below?

How can you let this
war rage on,
And weak ones suffer

My anger mounted fiercely
till ^{my} voice would come no
more,
And nearly I crumbled
to the earth's soft grassy
floor.

Then presently I heard
a voice.

A still small voice quite
near.

It called my name and
whispered, reassurance
in my ear.

Have faith my son and
trust me.

In this thy dearest hour
my love for thee is greater

far, Than any evil
power.

My love for man is in-
finite,

And when I gave him
his th.

I let him have dominion
over every thing on earth

He ~~wield~~s my mighty
power,

And my substance as he
will.

He falters, falls, and
rises.

Growing ever stronger
still

Oh how I yearn to hold him
up,
When e'er I see him fall
and yet I cannot take away
my greatest gift of all.

I've given man the right
to will,
I cannot
to choose the way he'll
go
I cannot interpose my
love
Unless he will it so -

It is through his will
and only then,
that I may end all

strife

But all who will may
have my peace
my strength, my love
my life.

The time is near when
all the world
will see the light my son
For every where on earth
I hear, the prayer
Thy Will be done!

With this the fathers
voice was gone,
And yet I felt him near
No longer was I filled
with doubt

8-4-6

The Ans now was clear

I raised my head from
where I lay,
and whispered, "Lord
I see."

Forgive me for my un-
belief

Henceforth, I trust in
thee

Memories

As I wandered back to the scenes
of my childhood,

Fond memory painted this picture
for me.

A cot on the hill side, the spring
and the wild wood,

Where I as a child roamed happy
and free.

The river flowed down through
the hills and the valley
On, and still onward so still
and so deep.

How often at night as I lay on my
pillow,

Its musical murmur has lulled
me to sleep.

How oft when at grandmother's
a host of me children
have scampered away, to that
cool shady nook
Where a spring trickled forth
neath the shade of a walnut.

we would have our bare feet
in its swift running brook.

There were sisters & brothers,

There were cousins and others

There were nieces & nephews
and uncles & Aunts.

There were Rosa & Mary, there
were Jim, Jack, & Jerry, and
Mandy, & Susie & Mether & Nance
We strolled through the wildwood
We sat by the river,
We cared not a whit though
time hurried by,

When grandma, called dinner
We would like every dinner
We knew it was dumplings
or fat chicken pie

Opportunity is waiting, do not say -
Opportunity call at my door and I was
gone a way

Opportunity is ever near you,
At your portal, by your side;
Not in the past, but in the present
And the future he abides
Weep not then for precious chances
which passed away.
Weep not for golden ages on the main
Each night has burned the records
of the day
At sunrise every soul is born again
We rise by the things that are made
our feet.

Opportunity shows us the way
To fight and win the battle at last
If we want to win that way.

Travel on little basket travel
on
Back to where you started you
belong.
go then merrily on your way,
gathering pence where you
may.
Good luck to you little basket
Travel on, Ella Perkins

picture negative





ELLA PERKINS
2711 SPRAGUE STREET
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

S E R V I C E

God was the first giver of service,
When he gave his creation, The World.
Then created man as its master;
And o'er him loves banner unfurled.

God did not leave man long in darkness
But gave him the knowledge of right
He gave his own son as a pattern
To lead us in spiritual light.

To each one he then gave a talent
To some he gave more than one
So we in turn must keep giving
And be judged by the good we have done.

The gift may be music or laughter,
God meant this old world to be gay,
When he gave us the birds and the sunshine
To enjoy as we go on our way.

Then we should give loving service
In kind deeds to neighbor and friend
And thus merit the gifts of our Maker
Whom we all hope to meet in the end.

Ella Scurlock Perkins
Pisgah, Iowa.

1.

The Old Homestead
Ella Scurlock

As I rambled round the homestead
Often scenes I'd quite forgot,
Brought back to my recollections
Memories of some loved spot;
There the brookside meadows yonder
Here the calm, sweet-scented wood,
Oft its quiet taught me lessons
Little by me understood.

Oft we've gathered here at granthens
On a birthday ever perchance,
Half a hundred lads and lassies
Gathered round the evening lamps;
Cousin Reuben from Missouri,
And our City cousins, too,
Nieces, nephews, sisters, brothers,
Uncle Ike, and Cousin Sue.

We have wandered by the river,
Flowing on so calm and still,
Past the farmhouse and the meadow,
O'er the cataract, past the mill;
Oft we've frolicked in the wild wood,
In our childhood's happy years,
And we little dreamed that time would
Bring its dirth of grief and tears.

E'en the caprices of fortune
Which come to us all, unsought,
Can ne'er blot out the scenes of childhood,
And the lessons they have taught.

TUNE: HE LEADETH ME

'TIS BY GOD'S WILL THAT HERE WE MEET,
AND FRIEND AND SISTER ONCE MORE GREET,
THEN GRANT, DEAR GOD, THAT WE MAY BE
A GROUP FOUND EVER SERVING THEE.

9m THY CAUSE DIVINE, THY LOVE WE SEE
BUDDING FLOWER AND LEAFY TREE,
THEN GIVE US FAITH, OH GOD, THAT WE
MAY E'ER FIND JOY IN SERVING THEE.

TUNE: HE LEADETH ME

'TIS BY GOD'S WILL THAT HERE WE MEET,
AND FRIEND AND SISTER ONCE MORE GREET,
THEN GRANT, DEAR GOD, THAT WE MAY BE
A GROUP FOUND EVER SERVING THEE.

THY CAUSE DIVINE, THY LOVE WE SEE
A BUDDING FLOWER AND LEAFY TREE,
THEN GIVE US FAITH, OH GOD, THAT WE
MAY E'ER FIND JOY IN SERVING THEE.

TUNE: HE LEADETH ME

'TIS BY GOD'S WILL THAT HERE WE MEET,
AND FRIEND AND SISTER ONCE MORE GREET,
THEN GRANT, DEAR GOD, THAT WE MAY BE
A GROUP FOUND EVER SERVING THEE.

THY CAUSE DIVINE, THY LOVE WE SEE
IN BUDDING FLOWER AND LEAFY TREE,
THEN GIVE US FAITH, OH GOD, THAT WE
MAY E'ER FIND JOY IN SERVING THEE.

TUNE: HE LEADETH ME

'TIS BY GOD'S WILL THAT HERE WE MEET,
AND FRIEND AND SISTER ONCE MORE GREET,
THEN GRANT, DEAR GOD, THAT WE MAY BE
A GROUP FOUND EVER SERVING THEE.

THY CAUSE DIVINE, THEY LOVE

We thank Thee God for this great land
The birth place of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may
come

Free to worship thee -

For plenty here her fullness pours
In rich profusion are the land,
And sent to seize her generous stores
There grows no tyrant's birching band
Still may her flowers untrameled spring
Her harvests wave, her cities rise
and yet, til time shall fold his wing
Remain earth's loveliest Paradise

When I was young, about half past 4
I stood outside a conchy store,
a licorice whip or a jelly bear,
transports me to that far off scene
where once I stood with hungry
and murmured little hungry
sighs
For gingerbread, and lolly pops -
and chicken corn + lemon drops
And there I'd stand in mute chagrin
An indecisive millionaire
With fifty ways I could disburse
The three whole pennys in my
purse
So teetering from heel to toe
I'd engineer a special deal
For one of those and two of this
A jumbo and a toffy kiss,
a sour ball, a slice of gum
a howlhound drop a sugar plum
At last I stood inside the store
how could any one ask for more

I sniffed & snuffed and looked
a round,
I trying to think I was on the
ground, The man said, what
will you have miss, ans quick
what would you choase if you
could take your pick,
I chose a gum drop and a
pepermint stick.

Ella G. Perkins